THE POPES LAMENTATION

For his bad Succeſs in the Late

Horrid PLOT.

ALL's in vain, Alas! I plainly ſee
What the event of all our Plots will be:
Shame and confuſion, with curſed ſcoffs and gears,
Will now torment, and penetrate our Ears.
I little thought this Plot ſo wiſely laid,
Would er'e have fail'd, or been Abortive made
By thoſe intruſted in't; but unkind Fate
Will now expoſe us to the ſcorn and hate
Of all the World: Oh! it grieves me ſore,
For now our caſe is worſe than 'twas before.
Alas! alas! All our Deſigns are croſt,
Our Friends, our Money, our Hopes, and all are loſt.
Oh, unkind Fortune! I begin to feel
Your cruel hand turning round the Wheel
On which you plac'd me (it appeareth plain)
Only that you might pull me down again.
My heart with grief is almoſt over-preſt,
And dreadful thoughts my troubled mind moleſt.
Should I therefore for Hells Aſſiſtance call,
And raiſe the Devil, he'd give me but ſmall
Aſſiſtance, or comfort; inrag'd, he'd call me Sot,
And ſay 'twas I that ſpoyl'd this Famous Plot.
But I'le try, for I well underſtand
My Predeceſſor, named *Heldibrand*,
Always Had the Devil at his Command.
Old *Pluto* was his Friend; for by his Aid
He gained Fame, and Pope of *Rome* was made.
Therefore, ſince *Jeſuits* no good can do,
I'le raiſe the Devil with his Infernal Crew.